His Hour of Triumph

By SIDNEY AYRES

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It was an interstate contest and 15,000 spectators had assembled to witness the foot race, the long jump, the high jump, the throwing of the hammer and other feats of agility and strength. Among them were Edith Lawson and Isabel Daws, who had arrived upon the grounds escorted by Edith's brother Dick, but he had left them to speak to one of the athletes and had disappeared. This incident had put the usually smiling and amiable Edith out of temper, and long before the first trial on the programme had been called she was in a captious mood and wishing she had not come. Miss Daws, on the contrary, was all enthusiasm and anticipation, and her exclamations finally brought forth the remark from Edith:

"What a stupid thing to waste our time over. These so called athletes

TOOK THE DISTURBER BY THE NECK AND DRAGGED HIM INTO THE SMOKER.

ought to be put to sawing wood and made to earn an honest living. Look at that one swelling around as if he had saved a dozen human lives!"

"Why, that's Tommy Hope," was Isabel's reply. "If I only dared, I'd call him over here and introduce myself. He's just one of the nicest fel"—

"If he isn't a bully then I never saw one!" interrupted Edith. "See him swagger as he walks. If he was introduced to me I'd snub him good and well."

"Why, Edith Lawson! Tommy Hope is the champion high jumper and runner, and they say that he is the best boxer in college this year. His folks are among the most"—

"Respectable of saloon keepers, probably," sneered the pretty girl. "So he's a prize fighter with all the rest. Nice company we are in."

Miss Daws was about to protest and argue further when the high jumpers were called. There was a field of eight, and each and every one of them was cheered as he took his place.

"Eight of them," observed Miss Daws after counting, "but none of them will stand a show against Tommy Hope. You will see him sail over the highest bar like a bird."

"But any well trained horse could do the same thing," was Edith's reply. "He'd better be sailing into some honest work, but he'll never do that as long as the people will crowd to see these shows. If I had brother Dick here I'd box his ears."

"Get ready to clap your hands, Edith. There he goes!"

"I won't even look."

Tommy Hope took the run and the jump and cleared the bar that had brought others to grief. In return the crowd raised a mighty cheer. The applause lasted five minutes, but Edith Lawson didn't join in.

During the next half hour she criticised the crowd and berated her brother, and her friend realized that she was in a pet, so diplomatically left her alone. Then the running race was called, and Miss Daws' suppressed enthusiasm burst forth again.

"It will be Tommy—our Tommy—again!" she exclaimed in her excitement. "Oh, Edith, how sorry I am that you can't appreciate athletics as the rest of us do. You see, men are made strong, agile and muscular by this training. Suppose that our Tommy had to run for his life?"

"He would if offered a job at a dollar a day," replied Edith.

"What a girl you are! But there goes the bell. Now they are taking their places. Now the signal is to be given. Now— Go it, Tommy, go it! Oh, Edith, Tommy is gaining—he is creeping up—he is leading! O-o-o-h, such sprinting! Tommy will win! He has won!"

"And I am going home."

Some folks are built that way, even some young ladies, and the only way is to let them hug their theories until circumstances arise to change their opinion. One could not have safely predicted that such circumstances would ever arise in the life of Edith Lawson, but fate is more powerful than man.

Within a month she was speeding westward in reply to an invitation from an aunt whose favorite she was, and, more than that, she was traveling alone. Though unchaperoned, she was not a lone passenger in the drawing room car that whirled her across the prairies. Opposite her sat a young man whose appearance pleased her at first sight. That he was a gentleman she immediately decided. He made no opportunity to speak to her. There were six or eight other passengers, all more or less sociable, and, in one way and another, all but the young man came to make the acquaintance of Miss Lawson before the first day of the journey ended.

After the very first glance at the young man the girl was puzzled. She felt sure she had seen him before, and she cudgeled her brains in vain to remember where and when. This impression grew stronger whenever she stole a glance at him, and by and by she was much vexed at herself for her failure to recall him. If the truth was known, she was a bit vexed with him as well. If he wanted an introduction he could have had it easy enough, and that he didn't rush to secure it rather piqued her.

Next morning after breakfast a tough looking fellow, who was riding in style for the first time in his life, entered the car and a few minutes later was ogling Miss Lawson and making himself obnoxious. The young man opposite politely requested the flashy youth to desist and was promptly consigned to a climate that is hotter than this. He didn't go. He simply took the disturber by the neck and dragged him into the smoking car and flung him into a seat with a bang. That was the last of the disturber. He didn't like the atmosphere of a drawing room car. Miss Lawson would have thanked the stranger, but he gave her no opportunity. He simply returned to his seat and resumed his reading as if nothing had happened.

That evening as the passengers left the eating house where they had had "twenty minutes for dinner" a cowboy with a couple of guns belted about him and too much liquor within him freshly baited Miss Lawson and pretended to recognize her as a Miss Thompson. It was a lamentable failure. He was picked up some way, somehow, and dropped off the platform, and the young man who did it never even looked back to see if there was to be any shooting. He might have been thanked again if he hadn't been so busy with his own affairs.

Things were coming to a head, however. At midnight that night the train was held up at a water tank. There were five in the party of ruffians, and three of them entered the sleepers and commanded passengers to "shell out." The command was promptly obeyed in the first two cars, but the man who started to work the trick in the Idaho ran up against a snag. The reserved young man brought out a gun and did some shooting. He went outside and did some more. In fact, led by him, the passengers rallied and killed two robbers and drove the others into the woods. Miss Edith Lawson was one of the many passengers who offered her hand in congratulation, and thus it came about that the two finally introduced themselves. When the stranger said that his name was Benny Hope, but that the public insisted on calling him Tommy, the girl flushed up and exclaimed:

"Why—why, there was a Tommy Hope at the interstate meet of athletes six weeks ago!"

"Yes, I was there."

"And you j-jumped?"

"I jumped, Miss Lawson."

"And you—you sprinted?"

"I sprinted. Did you happen to be there in person?"

"Y-yes, and I told my chum, Isabel Daws, that I hated athletes. I—I said that an old horse could beat you all at running or jumping and that you—you"—

"That I ought to be sawing wood, perhaps?" he laughed. "Well, I shan't hold it against you."

And he didn't. If he had, how could they be engaged at the present time, as announced in the society columns? It is more than likely also that Miss Edith has changed her opinions and is a warm champion of the "cause."

How Williams Got a Gift.

In the last century there lived in a western village a gentle old man subsisting on a meager salary. One day he learned that his brother had died in San Francisco and left him a fortune of many millions. The transition was staggering, especially so since it was followed by a shower of appeals for money from every quarter of the globe and from persons known and unknown to him.

His son, who acted as his secretary, noticed with regret that the father seemed unable to grasp the meaning of his new power and was glad to have him at last evince a little interest in one of his begging letters. It proved to be from Williams college, asking an endowment on the plea that the old man's birthplace was near the institution.

"I'd like to do something for that school," said he meditatively.

"Well, I would, father, if I were you," his son encouraged him.

"I believe I will." The old man's ardor kindled. "I believe I'll give them something handsome."

"So you should," the son pursued. "Why not?"

"I will. I'll give them"—he thought for a moment—"I'll give them $100!"—Boston Herald.

Safer.

"Do you think a flying machine would be safer than the ordinary means of exploring the arctic regions?"

"Much safer," answered the inventor. "It would be likely to break down before the party got as far as usual from civilization."—Washington Star.

STIFF SIR MORTIMER.

British Ambassador Not Sufficiently Democratic.

REASONS FOR HIS RETIREMENT.

Perhaps an Attache's Wife, Being Jealous of "Precedence," Had Something to Do With It—Mr. Bryce More In Touch With American Ideas.

By CHARLES W. ARTHUR.

Washington, Dec. 29.—[Special.]—Official and social Washington is excited over stories purporting to give the inside reasons for the retirement of Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, who is to be succeeded as British ambassador to Washington by James Bryce, the widely known author of "The American Commonwealth." These stories are to the general effect that Sir Mortimer was forced out as a result of a movement set on foot by Lady Susan Townley, member of a famous and aristocratic English family and wife of a former councilor at the British embassy here. Lady Susan, it is stated, considered herself the social superior of Lady Durand, notwithstanding Mr. Townley's subordinate position at the embassy, and in every way sought to heap indignities on the ambassador's family. Lady Susan and her husband returned to England some time ago, and ever since their arrival there certain British newspapers have been criticising Sir Mortimer and insisting that he should be recalled. This movement is attributed to the Townleys, as Lady Susan's influential family connections are supposed to be able to dictate the utterances of several London journals of standing.

Did Not Impress President.

While female gossip and social intrigues may have had something to do with the retirement of the British ambassador, persons whose business it is to be well informed concerning such matters assert that the principal reason was Sir Mortimer's inability to impress President Roosevelt. The representative of King Edward has never enjoyed the confidence of the president to the extent that Baron Speck von Sternburg, the German ambassador, and J. J. Jusserand, the French ambassador, have enjoyed it. The French diplomat, for instance, is one of the regular members of what is called in Washington "the tennis court"—that is, the group of personal friends who may be found playing tennis with the president on the court directly in the rear of the White House offices almost any afternoon. Clad in old clothes, with a sweater and a "slouch" hat, the French ambassador, who is small and agile, plays the game in a way that delights the sport loving president.

Baron Called "Specky."

Baron von Sternburg, who formed a close friendship with the president when he was an attache at the German embassy some years ago and Mr. Roosevelt was civil service commissioner and assistant secretary of the navy, is a great favorite with the chief magistrate. The president's affectionate name for him is "Specky." He takes long rides with the president and is otherwise intimate with him. He appreciates the temperament which enables the president to forget the cares of state and indulge in a tennis game, a tramp through the woods or a horseback ride in a pouring rain with all the enjoyment of youth. In short, both the French and German ambassadors are of the president's own kind.

Durand Too Dignified.

Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, on the other hand, is typical of the dignified, reserved, reticent Englishman who is never quite able to understand some of the democratic manifestations of our republican form of government. He is a diplomatist of the old school. He is slow and stolid and on occasions has been known to miss the point of a presidential joke. He has never penetrated the inner circle of the president's friends, as have his colleagues who represent France and Germany at the American capital.

One on Sherman.

Representative James S. Sherman of New York, chairman of the Republican congressional committee, is interested, with a brother, in a big canning establishment at Utica, his home. The sweet corn crop in New York was a failure last year, and it was found necessary to get a supply from Maryland. An arrangement was made whereby a Maryland concern was to can the corn and affix to all cans the labels of the Sherman factory at Utica. In this way the Sherman brothers were to be able to supply their trade and avoid losing custom, even though it was obvious that their profits would be decreased.

A few days after the contract was made Representative Sherman came to Washington on business and had been here only a day when his brother called him over the long distance telephone.

"Are you the only Sherman in congress?" was the first question the brother in Utica asked.

"Yes," replied the lawmaker. "Why?"

Deal Called Off.

"Well, our Maryland deal is off, and you are responsible. The firm that was to do our canning says it cannot affix our labels to the cans because a provision in the pure food law provides that all canned goods must bear only labels showing where it was put up, and it says, too, that a man named Sherman was the author of that particular provision in the pure food law."

It was quite true. Representative Sherman did draw up the provision in question.

NOTICE.

Mrs. Hilda Hildebrand Leichner, Dermatologist, has returned from St. Louis, Mo., where she went to take a special course in facial massage and hair treatment.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS